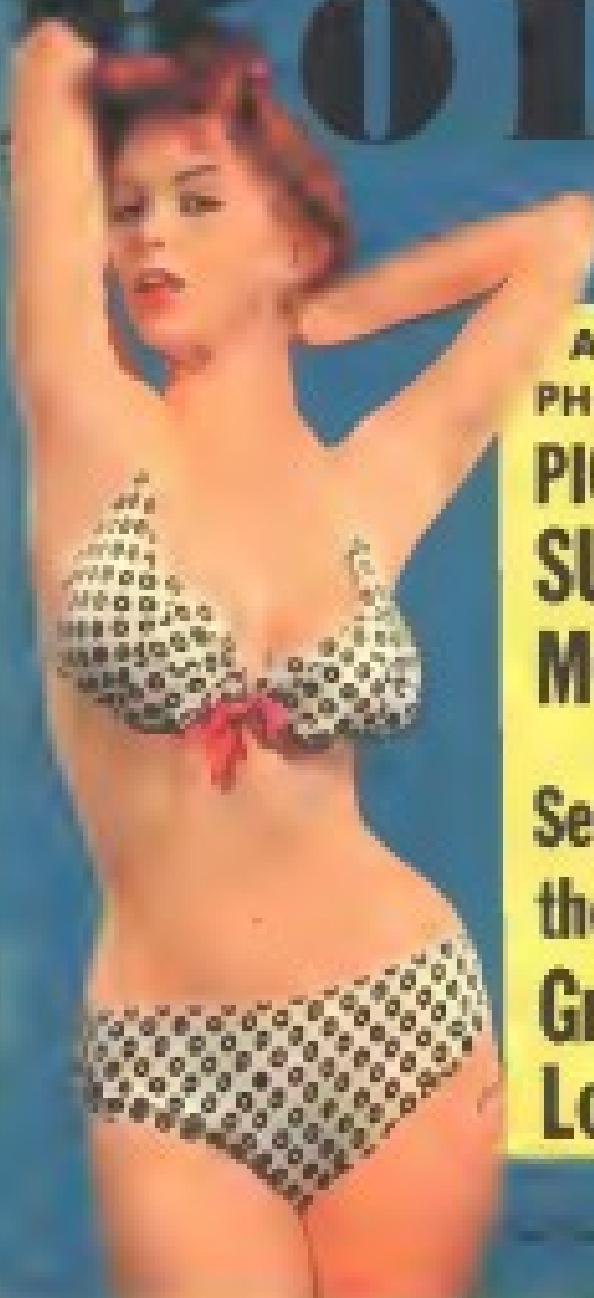


SEPTEMBER, 1950

# A TOP PHOTOGRAPHER PICKS HIS **SULTRIEST MODELS**

\*  
**Secrets of  
the World's  
Greatest  
Lovers**





A model generally has to stand up while posing but one rebellious beauty, Joyce Johnson, decides to take it easy

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In ancient times,  
Sparta was a great  
city. Great she  
must become again,  
because . . .

## SPARTA STANDS FOR STRENGTH

By KOCKA

I AM Kocia, the strongest man in Sparta, perhaps the strongest man in the world. I would bring back the soft of strength that made our ancestors the most respected and feared people in all the Greek cities.

Today, in my country of Sparta, the soft ones grow more plentiful by the day. They are the merchants and the silk worm growers, the fractious little men who desile this once great city. They would turn Sparta into a mock replica of themselves, a haven for soft bellies and flabby muscles and weak wills.

But this I shall not let them do. For I am Kocia  
(cont'd)

I stand before the crowds and across my chest is the emblem: "My strength is the people's love." Our youth must be trained in great numbers as they were in the days of ancient Sparta, I believe.



## SPARTA . . .

And my strength shall become the strength of my people. I shall bring back the old values that once made Sparta a giant among nations.

Each year, to inflame the interests of the people of Greece, I tour the country with my proteges. I train all the great athletes of Greece. Those who enter the Olympics all come from my Sparta, as is but to be expected.

We roam the countryside. And the people of the villages await us as they do the Carnival. For weeks before, they speak eagerly to one another in anticipation of my arrival.

Then we perform in the main arena of the town. Across my chest is the legend: "My strength is the people's love."

The little boys and girls crowd about me to feel the iron of my muscles. Their eyes bulge, their

When ancient Sparta grew weak (L), Spartans came and tore down the weak buildings. I would give Sparta its strength back again. Below: I stretch out on square. Students place drum of iron bars upon my chest, then thirty of them laughingly put all this weight on plank over them. I laugh too, for I am the mighty Kosta.



mouths open astonished "aha and aha." The young men of the village shrink behind, ashamed by the comparison. The young girls press close, their liquid eyes drinking in the hard image of my strength.

Then the contests begin.

I am Kosta. And few people will believe my strength until they see it with their own eyes. I hold my arms at my side. And the combined strength of twelve men

## SPARTA . . .

cannot force those arms apart. With my teeth I pull a full-sized truck with three-score people aboard. With those same teeth, I rip out 12-inch nails deeply embedded in a wooden pole. The people applaud, then become silent for my last test. Five men place a heavy drum filled with kerosene upon my chest. Then a plank over that. And then thirty people support themselves with all their weight on that plank. I only laugh. For I am Kosta, the strongman.

That was the temper of strength of the old days.



Left: I break a huge stone upon the chest of my protégé, the youngster, George Tuck. Right: Another of my pupils, Pandele Tschakalakis, uses teeth to pull out 12" nails with 3" deep into board.



For weeks before my arrival, the small children of the village eagerly await the day when Kosta shall perform for them. Posters and photos heralding the big event are put up for all to see.

Then Sparta was a city-state, independent of any country called Greece. Then the youth were not pampered, to have their manhood snuffed away from them by the prorrhings of women and old men. The young were trained from babyhood as soldiers. They knew not the word "luxury." Craving and hardness were the raw essentials of their existence.

If they were not cunning or hardy enough, they soon perished.

Some of that training I, Kosta, would bring back to this city. I am not a man of war. But weakness breeds the temptation in others to war upon you. When Sparta was strong, all others trembled at her name. But with the centuries she weakened. Then came the Byzantines, and the French and the Turks. They brazenly tore



## SPARTA . . .

down the old city, taking the stones away for use in building their own homes. A stone quarry. That was what weakness made of old Sparta.

Sparta is no land for weaklings. There is one correct way of life. One only. To glory in the power of your body. It is bad to put the purg away in sanitariums. Only the strong should survive, that their strength may be carried and reinforced in the seed from generation to generation. Preserve the sickly, keep them in sanitariums, and you soon will have a nation of people who must be kept in sanitariums.

The old ones also come to watch my might with their bleary eyes. They shake their heads in confusion. My strength scares and worries them. I laugh at the fear in their faces. They preach of soft ways to their children. But their throats are old and parched, and their words are bleatings lost in the wind. There are tiny voices. I preach to the young. They hear only my voice. The young are always the true worshippers of strength.

ESP

The modern manly participates in our tests of strength. Above twenty-five of them try to pull apart the arms of my pupil George. They fail—and George is but a puny little fellow. I grab rope in my bone teeth and hold a heavy truck with thirty students in it. Such is the strength of Rome.

# A top photographer picks the Sultriest Models

Herbert Flotow photographs thousands of models annually. Here he chooses four of the best.

In recent years, the number of magazines throughout the country featuring glamour photographs has risen to unheard-of proportions. Startlingly enough, however, the number of photographers who are really tops in the field has remained constant—under twenty. Many more have entered professional competition, but the true artists are still rare.

One in the exclusive clique is Herbert Flotow, a ben-  
jamin whose works have appeared in major magazines here and in other countries. In his modest studio in the heart of New York, Flotow has turned out glamour photographs with the same high level of quality for many years. In addition to knowing straight photo-

One of the hardest tasks in glamour photography is placing model in a pose which looks perfectly natural and relaxed, which is highly complimentary to her, and yet which has not been done a thousand times. Flotow achieves this effect with model Bebele Evans.





## SULTRIEST

graphic technique, however, he finds that a good cameraman must also have a talent for painting. "He must have the ability to spot the latent, not so obvious beauty in a woman. It is not always so easy as the average person might think."

A photographer, Platow went on, must often be the first to discover talented young girls. "If they are real stunners, then eventually they go to more specialized fields, like the movies, where they either become inaccessible or too costly as straight models."

Thus the photographer tries to find a lovely girl when she is just on the threshold of her career, still relatively unknown.

In fact, top photographers often engage in a guessing game

for beauty that filters through the revealing folds of a black lace negligee. Platow chooses soft-lighted portraits of Rita Cooper in pentive mood,

## . . . SULTRIEST

Props are available aid in creating strong mood in a portrait. In this study of Marilouise Olsen, Platow uses open window and softly rustling curtains to give sense the flavor of a midsummer night.



Below does not work in New York alone. Here, at Las Vegas, he catches the glances of backstage life in the appealing photo of chorus girl Nancy Green sitting between acts of her nightclub performances.

among themselves wherein they figure out how many of the young girls they have snapped will go on to become famous actresses or entertainers. In this informal game, Platow has always maintained a high score. He has an uncanny ability to spot the budding beauty in young ladies.

This is one of the talents that has kept him on top in a field that is annually flooded with new photographers. From the countless girls who have appeared before his camera, Platow has picked four of those he rates as his sultriest. They are also among the models most likely to become stars. You may run across their names here for the first time. But odds are it will not be the last.

Eva

Throughout history, he has been a symbol of evil. The facts dispel an ancient myth about . . .

## THE NOT-SO-

# DEADLY SERPENT



"Harmon" coils his sinuous length for strike or commerce. The Texas rat snake is one of four venomous species found in United States

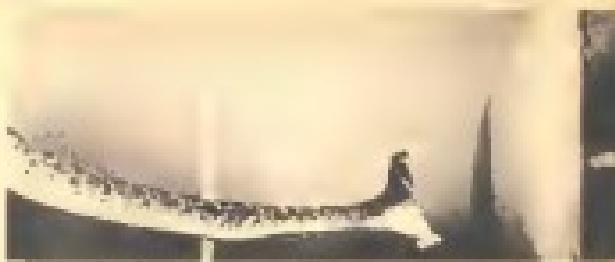
Eve since the Garden of Eden, the snake has played the role of villain in the story of mankind.

One man who rejects this conception of the snake's part in the scheme of things is George W. Dardeth. In his new book, *What You Should Know About Snakes* (Crispel Press, \$1.95), Mr. Dardeth explodes many misconceptions about the much-maligned reptilian family.

The writer points out that the great majority of snakes are non-poisonous. He describes them as intelligent, timid creatures who prefer to be friendly rather than vicious, and will only fight to defend themselves when cornered. In disposition, they are much like cats and dogs. With patience, they can actually be tamed. Most of them come to enjoy being petted.

The widespread fear of snakes, like other human fears, is based largely on prejudices instilled in early childhood.

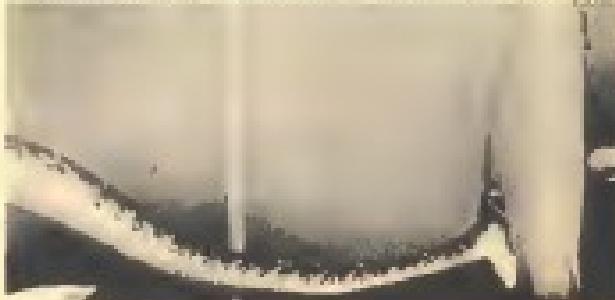
Many fantastic stories about snakes are still generally believed. One such story describes the Glass Snake which is supposed to break up into separate pieces and then reassemble itself when danger is past. Another deals with the Hump Snake which is said to put its tail in its mouth and roll its way around the country. Then there is the old belief in the Milk Snake, a



This remarkable series of photographs from a high-speed camera...



... illustrates what actually happens when a rattlesnake strikes.



## ... SERPENT

reptile alleged to frequent barns and to milk cows. Another widely-accepted legend tells of the mother snake who swallows her young to save them from attack. The fact is, says Mr. Danforth, that a mother frequently will swallow her brood, but only because she's hungry!

This book, the author hopes, will help destroy the fiction that the snake is a dangerous enemy of man. Actually, he points out, of the 285 species and subspecies of snakes in the United States, only four are poisonous to man: Copperheads, Rattlesnakes, Water Moccasons and Coral Snakes. Many of the others could make nice house pets.

EBC

Initial action is a strike, not a bite. Below, rattler bites an oil-smeared rubber target, expending full load of venom in one strike.



# THOUGHTS WHILE POSING



HAVE YOU EVER shifted your gaze from an admiring study of a model's figure to pause briefly at her face and wonder what thoughts go on beneath that lovely exterior? When the shutter clicks, she may have a peaking look, or be smiling sensuously, but what are her real thoughts at that "moment of truth"? Here persists, for fun, a few imaginary surmises:

(cont'd)

JOYCE WINFIELD: Shall I cook something fancy for supper or just heat something out of a can? ... It's been a lousy day ... maybe I should eat out ... now who can I get to take me out to supper?

LYNN CONNER: I wonder how I will look in this picture ... I wonder if my hair is straight ... and why do I have to close my fingers ... how can a girl look pretty with her finger in her mouth?



## THOUGHTS . . .

MARA LINDBEY: I've had the sniffles all week . . . I always seem to catch cold . . . and I can feel it . . . I can feel it . . . there's a draft somewhere in the room . . . I'm sure of it . . . I'm going to catch my death of cold, maybe pneumonia, unless this sort of thing stops . . .

GUS THORNER: I wonder if I left the water running in the bath tub . . . I can't for the life of me remember if I left the water running or not . . . I hope this is over soon so I can go home . . . maybe by now the whole apartment is full of water . . .





## THOUGHTS...

HEATHER CHRISTIE: Oh, that tick on my right shoulder. If I could only scratch that tick on my shoulder for a moment, just the slightest moment . . . It's like the Chinese water torture, sitting here, not being able to move . . . oh, that tick is killing me . . .





Giant ocean boat left people below! Shaded ship far journey to Dakar diving area. Coat in near African coast before its record-breaking dive. Left, man prepares apparatus for sea at Dakar harbor. Its hefty name derives from two Greek words, bathy, deep, and strophe, boat.

# WORLD

They plunged 2,000 fathoms down to the bottom of the sea—deeper than any man had ever gone!

BY CHRISTIE COHEN

**M**AN IS WELL ON HIS WAY to conquering the last great frontier, the liquid expanse that covers seven-tenths of the Earth's surface, the sea.

The first big step was taken on February 13, 1954, off the coast of Africa at Dakar when two French naval officers went down into the sea in a record-shattering dive of 13,287 feet. No man had ever before gone down that deep and lived.

Their amazing descent was the culmination of some eight years of experimentation carried out under the auspices of the Belgian National Research Foundation



# UNDER THE SEA



The bathyscaphe, 120 miles off the coast of Africa, prepares for great plunge. Historic spot #1 is where craft made record-breaking dive to depth of 2,000 fathoms. Below, French Navy cameraman snags vessel under water at dive barge. Driver checks watertight closures and seams for leaks.

## UNDER THE SEA

and the French Navy Lt. Cdr. Georges S. Houot and Lt. Pierre Henri Willm spearheaded the enterprise. The record dive was made in a specially-designed craft, the Bathyscaphe. This apparatus has two major divisions. The first part is a submarine-shaped "float" containing 17,000 gallons of gasoline, safety buoys, loaded with lead shot, and mice filled with steel shot. The second section, a large metal sphere attached beneath the float, holds a two-man crew and various instruments for measuring depth and pressure.

The craft is submerged by filling an entry shaft running from the float into the sphere with water. To sink to greater depths, the special extra-light gasoline in the float is discharged. Surfacing is achieved by jettisoning the heavy shot ballast. Equipped with propulsion motors, the vessel can move horizontally under water.

(cont'd)



## UNDER THE SEA

In this strange contraption, Lt. Col. Houot and Lt. Wille spent many years of research, diving to various depths to test their equipment.

When they finally made their deep dive in 1954, they entered a world never before visited by man. They saw strange blind fish that "walked" along the ocean floor on thin, reed-like "legs." Giant crabs, measuring 30 inches across, crawled past their periscope, and there were weird, unidentifiable fish that burrowed into the sandy bed of the sea.

The observations made by Houot and Wille disproved the old theory that plankton — microscopic marine life — does not exist below 6,500 feet from the surface. The two men established that this stratum of life descends close to the bottom of the sea.

The study of plankton distribution in the sea may



Commander Houot and Lieutenant Wille dress preparations for their historic dive. They reached a depth never before seen by man.



Bathyscaphe plunges to floor of Dakar harbor in early dive. Shortly after, vessel descended to bottom of African sea—12,387 feet

have immense practical consequences in the future. It may alter present-day fishing practices through study of the travels of the great schools of fish. The explorations of the bathyscaphe may also reveal the position of fertile areas of the ocean floor.

Such a study can some day lead to a new source of food supplies for an ever-increasing world population. Scientists believe that food may eventually be cultivated and harvested under the sea to provide sustenance for the over-crowded countries of tomorrow. These rich resources of the sea may in the future be exploited and farmed like land is today.

The two French naval officers' history-making dive has opened up a new world for man's ingenuity to conquer.

Eco

# BOLD PIN-UP

When pin-up Betty Brosmer began modeling, some people thought she must be padded. They found out they were wrong. Betty is all Betty. Nothing else need be added.





If you've ever yearned to become a Don Juan,  
read this story. You may change your mind.

By DON E. BLANCHARD

**T**HIS urge to become a great lover exists in every man. No matter how staid, respectable or settled down he appears on the surface—deep in his personality there lurks the soul of a wolf or a roach. He dreams of himself as a mighty conqueror of women.

Such a life sounds exciting enough in movies and novels. But how much would the average man really enjoy such a role in real life?

The odds are that he would be miserable. In fact, the so-called great lovers of history were themselves high-

ly neurotic, unhappy personalities. Which is one major reason they became great lovers.

Take the most famous of them all—Casanova. What was the appearance of this "dashing Lothario"? Was he a tall, handsome, devil-may-care swordman with flashing teeth?

Hardly. Historians find he was "short, squat, astoundingly ugly, with a face pitted from the ravages of small pox."

Strangely enough, that very description holds the secret of Casanova's reputation as a great romantic figure. He had been such a repulsive youngster that girls would have nothing to do with him. He himself became highly sensitive to his own ugliness. So much so that he spent his life trying to prove to the world—and to himself—that he wasn't such an unattractive specimen of masculinity after all.

Casanova conquered the world. But he was never able to convince himself. Most of his exploits live on simply because he described his love affairs in great detail in wordy autobiographies. There is no way of

# SECRETS OF THE WORLD'S

# GREATEST LOVERS

## ... GREATEST LOVERS

knowing how many of these conquests actually happened—and how many were just wishful thinking.

But one thing seems certain: He could never get over the fear that people might find him repulsive. That was why he had to try to subdue every woman that crossed his path—and then brag about his victories afterward.

A parallel exists in the case of someone born into extreme poverty. Such a person may spend his life trying to make more and more money. Even after he is rich, he goes on at a frantic pace accumulating more wealth and more wealth. That same compulsive urge—that same driving—burned in Cesareo, as in all great lovers.

But such men are not always driven by egotism.

Lord Byron had a equally need to prove himself with women. But he was an exceptionally handsome man. This famous English poet possessed a clubfoot, and his romantic escapades can be interpreted as attempts to demonstrate that this affliction did not handicap him as a lover.

The same drive to compensate for some inferiority

motivates history's most renowned romances. Napoleon was the crude dynamic of many a love affair. His lack of height was the reason. He had to prove that shortness did not hinder or limit his masculinity in any way.

Among the nobility, England's Richard III cut a wide swath among the weaker sex. But he was so extremely ugly that even men flinched when they had to look directly at him.

Such lovers, bated by inferiorities of size or physical deformity, did not want to prove they were merely normal. They had to show that they were superior sexually to other men.

A survey of the lives of these romances reveals a great paradox: Their very lack of perfection was often the factor that made them attractive to the opposite sex. Psychologists note that women do not go for "pretty boys." Most girls shun this type of male from a distance. For example, they may develop a crush on a handsome movie star. For more intimate relations, the average woman feels ill at ease with vain, overly handsome men. She associates beauty with femininity. So she favors the plain man, because he impresses her as more masculine.

END

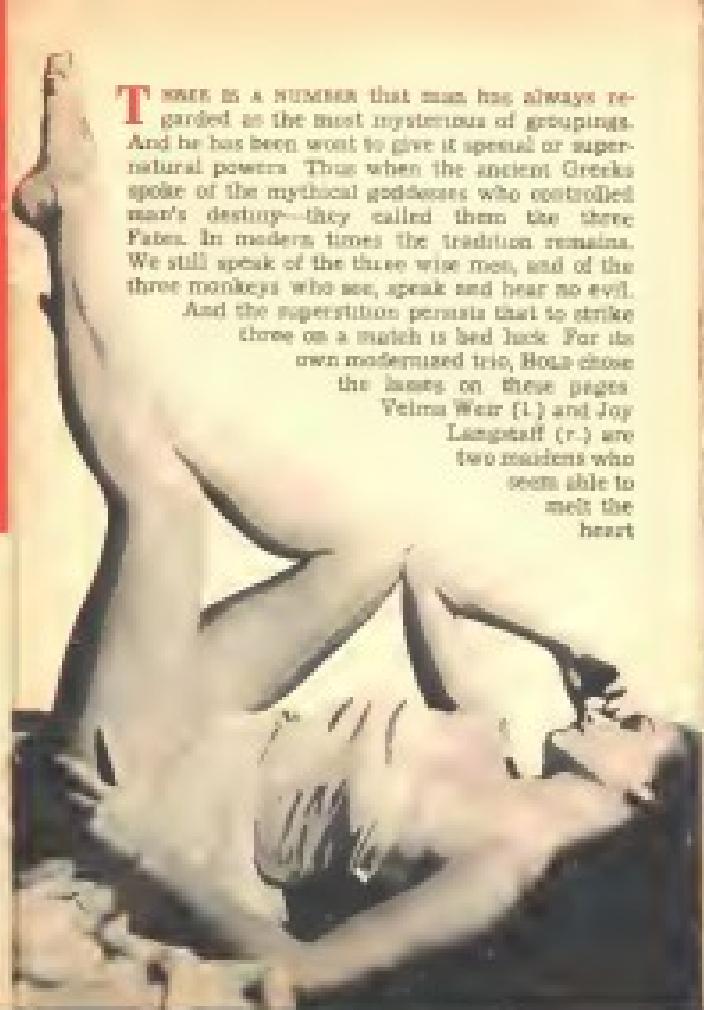




# MODELS

## 3

The classic, medieval trio of women were always old and ugly. This modern threesome shows how much times have changed.



**T**HREE IS A NUMBER that man has always regarded as the most mysterious of groupings. And he has been wont to give it special or supernatural powers. Thus when the ancient Greeks spoke of the mythical goddesses who controlled man's destiny—they called them the three Fates. In modern times the tradition remains. We still speak of the three wise men, and of the three monkeys who see, speak and hear no evil.

And the superstition persists that to strike three on a match is bad luck. For its own modernized trio, *House* chose the ladies on these pages.

Velma Wear (l.) and Joy Langstaff (r.) are two maidens who seem able to melt the heart

# MODELS

3



of any male, whether he be an ancient Greek or a modern American.

The exceptional beauty of Velma and Joy has helped them both become top-flight models on the West Coast. But an equally potent feminine charm can be found in the third member of this feminine trio—virilest Path Waggon.

As a young dancer, Path is rapidly making more and more members of the male audience aware of the values to be found in the terpsichorean art.

In the Middle Ages a trio of ugly and evil women became a symbol of fear and foreboding. The Sisters Three were ancient crones, and the weird sisters who moaned and gossiped over their cauldron in Shakespeare's Macbeth were withered hags with prophecies of doom.

Bald believes that the average reader will find the three delectable females on these pages much more to his liking.

Eva



Death grimaces over Felix Greenfield's shoulder each time he does the "Bullet Catch." Twelve other magicians have died trying to perform it.

By WILLIAM UNCLE GRESHAM

(Author of "Nightmare Alley," "Monster Story")

# MAGIC'S MOST DANGEROUS TRICK

**S**TEAD MAGIC ITSELF, unlike knife-throwing and fire-eating, contains very little of the element of danger, but there is one classic trick which has killed at least a dozen performers in the two centuries of its existence: a bullet bearing a mark put upon it by a member of the audience, is fired by a volunteer and is apparently caught by the magician—between his teeth!

The last magician to perform this blend of magic and daredeviltry was Theo Annemann, who died in

Felix Greenfield braces himself to perform magic's deadliest trick.

## MOST DANGEROUS . . .

1942, a suicide, a few days before he was to stage a full evening of magic to be climaxed by his masterpiece—the "Bullet Catch." Whether Ansemann's tragic death was caused by brooding over the possibilities of his being killed or mutilated by a mistake in this most perilous act is not known. But audiences have recently been electrified by the performances of a young New York magician and mentalist, Fein Greenfield, who was a friend of Ansemann's and who has devised his own secret methods by which the spectacular illusion is accomplished. So far, he has had no accidents.



Assistant Linda Lombard comes bullet tray from which gun expert chooses bullet. Then he looks pistol to prove there is no trickery

What Greenfield does is an obvious impossibility. So is everything else in a magician's repertoire. But here is the effect as executed by this present day miracle worker.

Before the performance, Greenfield issues an invitation to a rifle club, a police department or some branch of the armed forces containing riflemen. His request is for a selection of arms, a box of sealed ammunition and an expert shot for the occasion.

Thefeat can be presented either outdoors or on a regular stage.

On the afternoon or evening of the show, Greenfield introduces the volunteer assistant who will handle the rifle. He is always a rifle champion, the more prominent the better.

One of the rifles is selected by a committee and Greenfield never touches the rifle. The sealed box of cartridges, which has been purchased by a member of the committee who is above suspicion of any possible collaboration with the magician, is then opened by another committee man and three shells are selected. A celebrity from the audience is asked to scratch his initials on the shell

## MOST DANGEROUS . . .

casing of one and to place an identifying mark on the bullet itself.

Then Greenfield, with the committee watching him from all sides, takes the marked cartridge and bullet between finger and thumb and slowly hands it to the riflemen, who loads the gun. Two more cartridges are then inserted so that the weapon contains three. There is a backstop at one side of the stage—usually a bag of sand—to stop the bullets. The first shot is fired into this to establish the fact that the rifle is in good working order.

Greenfield next takes a china plate, holds it up in front of the backstop and calls, "Fire!"

The rifle cracks and the plate flies into a dozen pieces.

The shooter throws the bolt, ejection the second cartridge.

This time the marked shell is thrown into the breach.

Greenfield stands calmly beside the backstop and calls for quiet. At no time have his hands been seen to come near his mouth. He cautions the marksman, "Be sure to fire directly at my lips. To aim anywhere else might be fatal. Are you ready?"

The riflemen plants his feet firmly, brings the weapon up to his shoulder and lines up the sights. "Ready."

Greenfield raises his handkerchief. "When you see the handkerchief fall, that is your signal to fire."

A pause, either for effect or as a last gathering of determination.

The handkerchief drops. The rifle cracks. The magician spins and falls to the ground.

He seems dazed as the committee runs over to him.



Left: gun and first pistol in photo series used especially for KODAK Optima, only professional marksman handle and shoot gun. They must be above suspicion of trickery when loading and firing.

## MOST

## DANGEROUS . . .



Then he shakes his head and draws back his lips. Gripped between his front teeth is a metal slug which he drops into a saucer held by a volunteer, never touching it with his fingers.

It is a fired bullet, carrying on it the tell-tale scratches left by the grooves and lands of the rifle barrel. The celebrity from the audience comes forward and examines it and announces to the audience, "This bullet bears the marks I placed upon it a few minutes ago."

When the riflemen throws open the bolt, the empty shell casing is sought and examined and the initials checked. "Yes, these are my initials, all right. There

looks like bullet directly at Greenfield's face. The magician turns to one side, supposedly nothing in pain from the impact of the bullet. Then he slowly collapses to floor of the stage.

can be no possibility of trickery," says the celebrity.

And Greenfield takes his bow.

For when the bullet, apparently caught between the teeth of the wonder-worker, is taken to a police laboratory along with the rifle and matched with a test bullet under a comparison microscope, the scratches are found to be identical.

One skeptical group of sportsmen challenged Greenfield to let them bring an assortment of firearms and he accepted the challenge, but drew the line at a .475 elephant gun! The weapon selected for the test was a Mauser pistol, a souvenir of World War I, but it made no difference to the calm, scholarly Felix Greenfield. The Mauser bullet appeared, on schedule, between the teeth of the magician, accompanied by a tiny trickle of blood from his lip. Greenfield had again beaten the pincers which seems to haunt the trick.

The original version of this feat was done by illusionist Philip Astley in the 18th century. He used a ramrod with a secret cap at the top. Spectators saw him drop in the lead bullet. Then he packed them on top of the powder of the musket, as was the custom, with his ramrod. Only, the lead bullet passed into the secret compartment at the end of the ramrod, and left when it was withdrawn from the gun, leaving the musket quite harmless.

Then began the bloody saga of the Bullet Catch. Some magicians depended on a switch from a solid lead ball to one made of wax. If they got their sleight-of-hand mixed up, they received a lead ball. One magician varied the trick by placing an apple on his son's

## MOST DANGEROUS . . .

head, à la William Tell. The lad was eventually killed.

In 1918, the American magician Billy Robinson, who was killed as Chung Lang See, fell fatally injured by a bullet through the chest.

In the far west, a "snake-oil" doctor was using the bullet catch as an aid to his medicine pitch. A rouser in the crowd yelled, "Let's see yer catch this one!" and sent a slug from his own .45 through the head of the nostrum peddler.

In modern times, the trick fell into disuse until a western magician, Orville Meyer, started audiences by using a modern .22 caliber rifle. The old method of identifying the bullet—having a mark scratched on it by a member of the audience—was preserved. The idea captivated Ammann and together he and Meyer worked out the sensational version now being shown by Greenfield according to his own secret methods. Meyer, too, is still going strong, and no fatalities have marred the act in its present version.

Greenfield has originated many incredible magic feats. On his radio program, "Man of Magic," heard locally by residents of the New York area several years ago, he presented "mental maps" which he never claimed was true telepathy but rather preferred to call "sights of mind." As a sample of the weird goings-on which enlivened this program was this experiment he apparently "borrowed from Tolstoi"—although, since the audience was called upon the stage of the studio and asked to select someone from the audience at random. This volunteer was questioned by the master as to where he lived, who was now at home, etc. If he

announced that his wife was now at home, minding the children, Greenfield would pass his hand over his eyes, think for a moment and say suddenly:

"I get an impression that your wife is wearing a blue-and-white slack suit. I seem to see her lying on a couch upholstered in some pink material. And she is reading a book. Wait a minute—it's a paper-backed book. It's a mystery story."

The celebrity would then telephone the number given him by the spectator he had selected, would speak to the wife and verify Greenfield's "clairvoyance."

Now as far as this writer knows, neither mentalist has ever presented anything like this "experiment" which mystified the writer and every other magician and magic enthusiast who ever saw it performed. But he will never claim it as genuine clairvoyance. He calls it "the magic of the mind"—and changes the subject.

With the exception of a few psychokinetic mental faculty, it is clearly an utter impossibility.

But as in catching a high-powered rifle bullet with the teeth!

End



Greenfield rises. In his hands, he holds bullet which spectators positively identify as the one that was loaded live and fired from pistol by India.

# BOLD COVER GIRL

To stretch out deliciously in her oversize bed in the morning, or to cuddle up comfortably in the small confines of her armchair after a tiring day's work — these are two of the chief pleasures that Kay Douglas finds in life. When she is not posing for magazines like *Playboy*, this lovely cover girl craves nothing better than to relax within





## BOLD COVER GIRL

the cheerful four walls of her New York apartment. No god-about-she, Ray can never understand why other girls are so irresistably drawn into leading hectic, supposedly gay night lives. "A model is never fully at ease in a nightclub," she complains. "You always have to be carefully made up, carefully



## BOLD COVER GIRL

groomed, so you can live up to your publicity of being a beautiful girl. I prefer to stay home where I can be myself." A rarity among cosmopolitan careerists, Kay likes making fancy dishes and eating her own cooking. Her personality has that feline-like ability to become happily attached to her own special, familiar set of surroundings. At any rate, the dark-haired beauty gives a new slant to the old saying that a woman's home is her castle.





# "We're who

BY ALBERT DORRÉ  
*Famous Magazine Illustrator*

**D**O you know who we are? If you don't, America's 12 Most Famous Artists are looking for you. We want you to tell your art talents!

The many people using a wonderful career in art—maybe because they don't think they have talent. But my colleagues and I have helped thousands of people get started. Like these—

Dou Smith lives in New Orleans. Three years ago Dou was thinking about art—but doubted he had talent. Today, he is an illustrator with a leading advertising agency in the South—and has a future as big as he wants to make it.

Hannah Kusnowski was faced with an "ordinary" job when she took her SAT test. Once convinced that she had the makings of an artist—she started to study art at home. Soon she was offered a job as a fashion artist. A year later, she became assistant art director of a big buying office.

### Pipe-fitter to Artist

John Borkert is another. He was a pipe-fitter's helper with a big gas company—until he decided to do something about his urge to draw. He still works for the same company—but as an artist in the advertising department. At a big income, too!

Don Colcord of Detroit stepped up from railroad worker to the styl-

# looking for people like to draw"

ing department of a major automo-  
tive company. Now he helps design new car models!

### Salesgirl, Clerk, and Father of Three Win New Careers

A West Virginia school teacher with no job as an artist, later became advertising manager of the best store in Charleston.

John Whistler of Memphis, Tenn., was an artist clerk when he began painting with oil. Two years later, he won a national competi-  
tive contest. Recently, a large magazine asked him to do a daily comic strip.

Stanley Brown—a married man with three children, unhappy in a dead-end job—switched to a great new career as art. Now he's one of the happiest men you'll ever meet!

### Profitable Hobby—at 72

A great-grandmother in Newark, Ohio, decided to use her spare time to study painting. Recently, she had her first local "one-woman" show

—where she sold thirty-five water-  
color and five oil paintings!

### Cowboy Starts Art Business

Donald Korn—a cowboy from Miles City, Montana—studied art with us. Now he paints portraits and sells them for \$150 each. And he goes all the business he can handle.

George Vander Pool had never drawn a thing until she started studying with us. Now a much New York gallery robbery her paintings for sale.

How about you? Wouldn't you like to begin places with these happy artists?

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# MALLOY THE INDESTRUCTIBLE

**Murdering Malloy should have been easy. But the little barfly appeared to lead a charmed life.**

By CRAIG FRONZEK

**M**SCHAEF MALLEY stumbled into the Mermaid Tavern on a quiet winter evening in 1933. A group of cronies in the Third Avenue bar watched him with narrowing eyes.

"Poor old Mike," muttered Tony Marino, owner of the bar, "he looks not long for this world."

"The rotgut's killin' him," said Daniel Kreisberg, another member of the clique.

"He's no good to anybody," said Frank Preziosi, a local undertaker. "He'd be better off dead."



Meanwhile, the old bum had approached Joe Murphy, the bartender, and was trying to meech a drink.

Murphy turned to his cronies. "You know," he said, lowering his voice, "it's amazin' how insurance companies'll put thousands of dollars on a guy's life—say guy's?" The others nodded.

"There's an insurance agent, comes in afternoons," Marino continued with quiet insouciance, "doesn't mind makin' an extra buck. What do you say we get old Mike insured?"



## INDESTRUCTIBLE

"And then?" asked Harry Green, the cab driver.

"Then we let poor old Mike drink his fill — wood alcohol's poisonous."

The next day Michael Malloy was insured for \$1,800 in three policies, with double indemnities in case of death by accident.

From then on, Malloy was treated to a river of alcohol, much of it poisonous. But the old barfly seemed to thrive on the stuff.

His scheming bar companions went out and bought a can of sardines. They opened it and let it rot for a week. Then they chopped up the can, mixed the pieces of tin with the putrefied sardines.

"Piermaise poisons!" said Marino. "Never misses!"

"Tasty," said Malloy, after he had finished the mess — and he had another drink.

The gang took the drunken Irishman to a park, stripped him and left him all night in the snow.

Pasqua, the undertaker, got a bad sore throat, but Malloy was in the next evening, clattering for the usual. "Caught a little cold last night," he said.

The next morning, the iron man was found bleeding on a side street. He had been run over twice, and had a fractured skull, concussion of the brain and a broken shoulder.

A week later, Malloy was back at the Mermaid Tavern.

The would-be murderers let him drink himself into invulnerability. Then they took the alcohol to a farm —

ashed room, put a gas pipe in his mouth, and turned on the gas.

That finally did it. Malloy was dead. Pasqua buried the unfortunate drunk; the insurance company paid off. Done, at last.

But somebody talked too much, and police exhumed the body of the little bum.

Harry Green, the taxi-driver, went to prison. The other three were sentenced to the electric chair.

The true saga of Michael Malloy has been recorded through the years in magazines and anthologies. And in the numerous bars along Third Avenue, the legend of the durable barfly lives on. EXP



"You know Herbert Forrester, who you often say you should have married instead of me? I happened to run into his cute little wife today, and she agrees with you completely."

Future Dates—For pp. 411, 22: *Plaza*, pp. 12-17; *International News*, pp. 18-21, 40, 42; *Globe*, p. 22; *Photo News*, p. 23, 34-35; *Wings*, p. 36; *F.I.P.*, p. 27; *Saturday Eve.* pp. 20-22; *Today*, pp. 24, 40, 41, 43; *Graphic*; *Photo*, pp. 44-50; *Photo Camera*; *Walter Scott*; *Second and Fourth Columns*; *F.I.P.*; *Second Column*.

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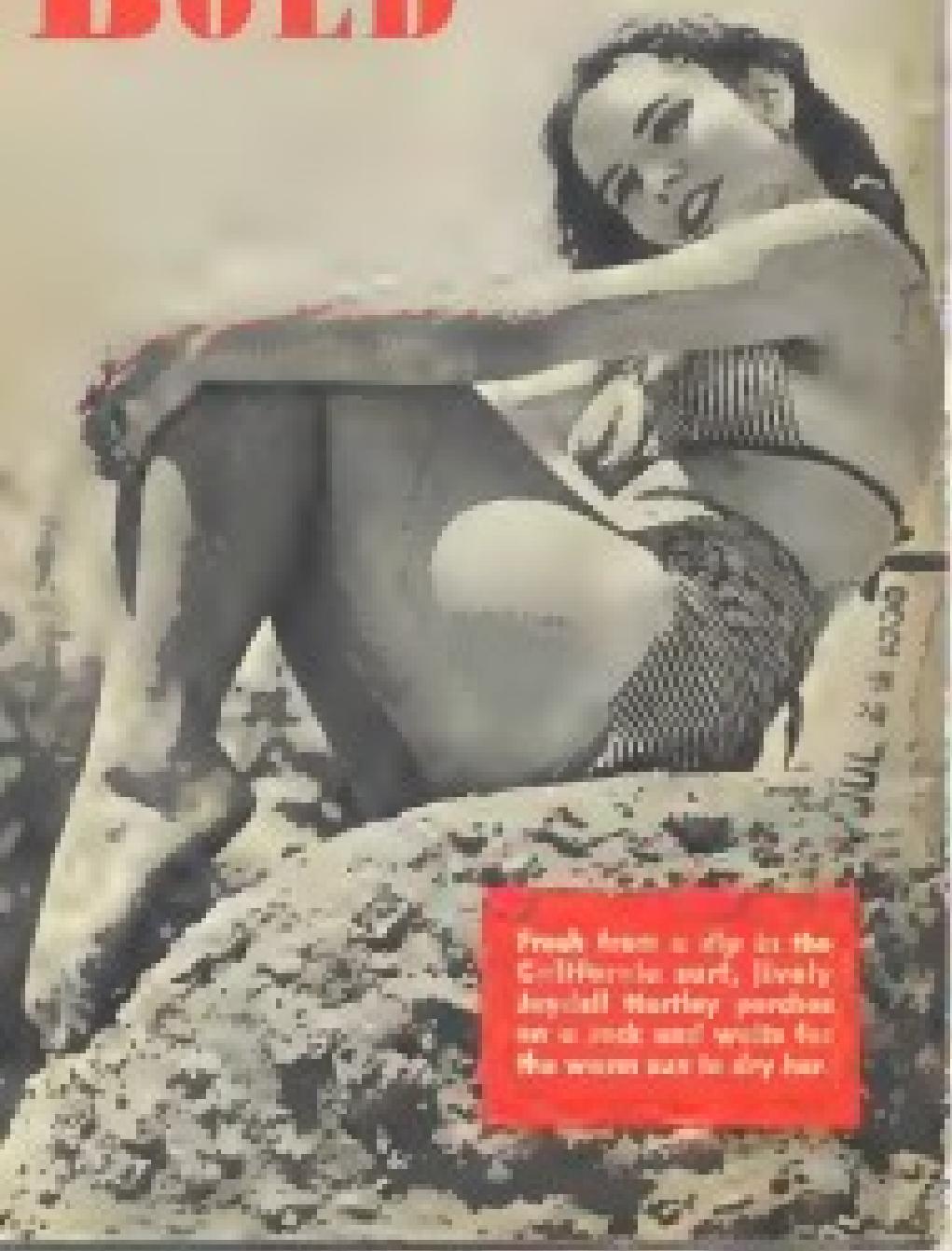
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The camera catches Joy  
lengthily off-guard in  
one of eternal problems  
of womanhood — what  
dress shall she wear?

# BOLD



Fresh from a day in the G-Herbe sun, lively Joylell Hartley purchases an umbrella and waits for the weather to dry her.

UL 1234